



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

take me, man, if I don't clear up to the farthing when I can't give you work—and that'll take some time, I think. So come along."

"Agreed!" said the tall stranger exultingly, and he extended his hand to Finigan, who shook it heartily, and then staggered on before his new journeyman towards the workshop.

The workshop was stored with a large quantity of rod iron, for Finigan had hardly exhausted any part of the stock he had laid in when the high price of nails commenced; and after showing his workman the particular sort of nail he was to forge, retired to sleep off the effects of the morning's debauch.

The journeyman, in the mean time, unbound his travelling paraphernalia, slipped on his leather apron, placed some coals on the hearth, and strange to relate, blew them into fiery heat with his burning breath. Then began the hoarse voice of the bellows, and the quick stroke of the hammer, whose incessant falls on the glowing iron no ear could separately distinguish; while the well-formed nails rose in little pyramids beneath his practised hand. Anon the bellows blew faster, the strokes fell thicker, and the hammer of the strange workman seemed but a magic wand, beneath the influence of which the iron was instantaneously converted into heaps of nails, and the following song, which he sung to a strange air, the dark incantation that gave potency to the spell:—

"Oft since that fatal time
When Eden's tenants rued me,
Through many an age and clime
I've weary ways pursu'd me;
On many a heart,
With fraudulent art,
I've left a witness token,
That marks it, aye,
My destin'd prey,
If truth on high be spoken.
For this I've to and fro
The earth in many a shape run
But never took, I trow,
Till now, a nailer's apron.

"I bid the bellows blow—
I set the hammer ringing—
If one be doomed to woe,
To me is profit springing;
For human souls,
Like these bright coals,
My fiery breath sets glowing—
But, oh! the breath
Of woe and death
Through tortur'd spirits blowing!
For this I've to and fro
The earth in many a shape run;
But never took, I trow,
Till now, a nailer's apron!

"I smoothe the murderer's path
That to his errand bears him;
I rouse the ruffian's wrath
When baleful passion tears him;
O'er many a sleep
I vigils keep,
Suggesting thoughts unholy;
And oft I wear
An aspect fair,
To catch a sinner solely.
For this I've to and fro
The earth in many a shape run;
But never took, I trow,
Till now, a nailer's apron!"

By the time these verses were thrice repeated, all the iron that lay in the shop had been wrought into twelve-penny nails, and when the song and the last rod were ended, the workman lustily called out for more iron. Mrs. Finigan, answering to the call, came quickly out; but great was her astonishment to behold the heaps of nails that rose before her. She uttered a shrill exclamation, and casting a timid glance at her new journeyman, said,

"In the name"

"Mind no names at present," interrupted the tall, dark man angrily; and then in a softer tone he said, "Mrs. Finigan, get me more iron quickly."

Mrs. Finigan retired, and after rousing Peter, told him that the journeyman had wrought all the iron, and was demanding more.

"Sorrow's in you," said Peter, "you spoilt my beautiful dhrame. The fellow must be some sleight-o'-hand man, that's playing thrick's on your eyes; but here's the key o' the back-house, and let him hammer away at what's there."

The lofty spire, that surmounts the tower of the church of Upper Shandon, had greatly lengthened its giant shadow, when Mrs. Finigan heard the fearful voice of the workman loudly demanding more iron. Unwilling to encounter the keen glance of his unearthly eye, she replied from within that there was no more to be had.

"Then, ma'am," says he, "it was hardly worth your husband's while to turn a quick tradesman from his path. Tell him that I must be paid in five minutes."

Mrs. Finigan retired; and such value did the mysterious man attach to his time, that all the tools of the workshop, and every bit of iron around, were beaten into nails in a few minutes, and as Finigan himself entered, the very pipe of the bellows was undergoing the metamorphosis of all its kindred.

"Who the mischief are you, friend?" exclaimed the half-drunk employer, as he viewed the extraordinary scene before him—"Tell us who or what are you, that want to desave people's sight like a freemason?"

"You may know me better before we part, unless you pay me immediately for the little job I've done for you," said the workman.

"I have not a shilling—you must wait till I sell these nails," said Finigan.

"Then you must comply with the second clause of our agreement, by which you gave yourself to me," said the fiend; and at that instant his frame dilated—his stature stretched beyond human dimensions—and all the demon stood confessed before the horrified Finigan.

"Enemy of God and man, I defy you," returned Finigan, rousing up his retreating energies—"I defy you in the name of the blessed Saviour—you and all the spirits of darkness!"

Saying this, Finigan displayed a small Bible, with which, notwithstanding his irregularity of life, he had never parted. The advancing demon quailed as he opened it—and instantly disappeared.

What became of the nails which the infernal workman so expeditiously wrought, will probably be the subject of a future legend.

E. W.

*** Although sometimes ridiculous in the extreme, we have no doubt that many of the legends yet current among the peasantry of our country, had their origin in a good intention. We should imagine that this must have been observed in several of those we have recently inserted—"The Ford of the White Ship;" "Jack-o'-the-Lantern;" "The Man in the Moon;" and, though last not least, "The Demon Nailer." In this last, the evil effects of frequenting whiskey shops is apparent. It was at one of those sinks of iniquity that the "old boy" halted, in the hope of meeting "a man to his mind;" and little did Peter think, when invoking the devil, and speaking of hell, that the evil one was at that very moment at his elbow; and that he was just fitting himself for the place about which he was so thoughtlessly speaking. We trust the moral of the legend may have the effect originally intended.

THE CANADAS.

We meddle not with politics; and yet, feeling as we do that many of our readers must take a deep interest in what is at the present moment passing in the British settlements of North America, we copy the following mor-

oeux from the Montreal Herald of the 16th January. As a straw or a feather may serve to indicate the current of the air, so will these give a tolerably correct idea of the present agitated state of the public mind in the colonies:

"There are not wanting in this community, men who openly declare their opinion, that the Canadians of French extraction, attached to Mr. Papineau's faction, would, in the event of a struggle between the two parties in this province, so far outnumber their opponents, that they would find it impossible, without assistance from Upper Canada, to make a successful stand against them.

"To these men I would address the language of Henry the Fifth; and I would ask them, 'is our blood less red than that of our forefathers?' or our hearts more faint than those which carried a handful of men in an enemy's country, surrounded by ten times their number, victorious through the field of Agincourt, and stamped St. Crispin one of the most glorious days of record in the pages of our country's history?"

"But they who think that we are unable of ourselves to cope with our adversaries, are mistaken as to the relative strength of the two parties. The supporters of anarchy and confusion are not so numerous as they would have themselves believed to be. There are many men of French extraction, of talent, family, and fortune, who, when the day of trial comes, will be seen rallying with us around the Constitution, which Great Britain, as a special mark of her favour, secured to their parents."

"I have been brought up in habits of peace. I am no advocate for civil warfare, unless driven by oppression thereto. But when our rights are trampled on,—when our liberties are endangered,—when redress is denied to us,—then I say, '*Justum bellum quibus necessarium et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes.*'—And in a cause like ours, there is no fear to be apprehended as to the result, even though our enemies should outnumber us. Let us be true to ourselves, and when the sword is drawn, let every man nerve his heart with the conviction that he is fighting to ensure to his children that freedom which his forefathers bled to obtain. Let us remember, that there is not one sparrow that falleth to the ground without the will of the Almighty; and in Him, therefore, that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, we will put our trust, and be assured, 'God will defend the right.'"

"Shall sons of Britain see the soil,
For which their fathers fell,
Beneath oppression's burthen toil—
And live—the tale to tell?
We love not war—but will not yield
The rights our fathers gave—
Far sooner shall the battle-field
Be dug into a grave!"

"At freedom's word the blade will spring
To every Briton's hand—
And nerve our arms with power to fling
The tyrant's from the land!
Then, toss the red-cross in the air—
The flag our fathers bore—
And proudly on to conquest bear
The banner as of yore!"

"And by the ties that bind our souls
To climes beyond the sea—
By every wave old ocean rolls,
We'll yet be 'great and free!'
Though world on world with us should wage
The red and deadly fray—
'Twill yet be wrote on history's page,
We kept the wolves at bay!"

"And by our fathers' shades we swear,
While one red life-drop runs,
No traitor dog shall ever dare
To trample on their sons!
Then, freemen, wake! send forth the sound—
'Defiance!' let it ring—
And every heart will quicker bound—
For God—our laws—and king!"

"Let Britons, whether south or north,
And Erin's sons of tested worth,
United, show their courage forth,
Against French tyranny."

"Just view Britannia's lovely face,
How sad she looks!—Oh, fell disgrace!
The *Fleur de lis* usurps her place!!
Which Gosford loves to see."

"The rose and thistle hang their head,
The shamrock looks as if 'twas dead,
While Papineau, without a dread,
Makes chains to bind the free."

"But, rouse the rough old lion up,
Give Scotia her wee whiskey cup,
Pat his shillelagh and a sup,
They'll make the French knaves flee."

"To arms! to arms! sons of the brave,
Let every tyrant find a grave,
Or on his knees bow down and crave
Permission to be free."

ANCIENT GOLD CRESCENTS.

Constabulary, Hilltown, 12th Nov. 1835.

SIR—In the townland of Cairnlochran, parish of Magheramesk, and county of Antrim, was one of those stones supposed to be a Druid's altar, which had fallen from its supporters. The proprietor of the field in which it lay, considering it an incumbrance, resolved to remove it. The mode usually adopted by farmers in this part of the country, where the stones are too great to be carried off in the usual way, is to dig pits sufficiently large to receive them, and, by forcing them in with levers, put them for ever out of the way of plough or spade: such was the method resorted to in this case; and Henry Crangle, now of the hamlet of Trummery, and a person named James Campbell, lately deceased, were employed for the purpose, and when undermining close by the side of the stone, at the depth of nearly five feet, Crangle turned up three beautiful crescents of fine gold; they were rolled together like so many pieces of paper, yet such was their flexibility, that the unrolling did not in any way injure them. Mr. C. describes them as finely curved, of a great breadth in the centre, diminishing gradually towards the extremities, near which they suddenly turned off, terminating with a circular piece, the size of a shilling. On one side only, the edges were ornamented with a border of rather incorrect zigzag lines. One, which fell into the hands of Mr. C. weighed four and a half ounces. From these circumstances, I am led to believe that the parish of Magheramesk was a favourite retreat of the Druidical priests, and the site of one of their great temples.

JOHN ROYAN, JUNR.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

ANCIENT IRISH HAND-MILL, OR QUERN.

Passing through a bog in the neighbourhood of Armagh, my attention was attracted by observing a number of men examining something on one of the banks. On approaching, I found that they had discovered at the bottom of a mud-hole, two circular stones, which I immediately knew to be an ancient Irish hand-mill, commonly called a quern. That this primitive mill was in general use in this island, is evident from the number of perfect and broken portions of it so frequently found in bogs, and in the neighbourhood of ancient raths. That it was in general use over Europe, Asia, and Africa, has been satisfactorily proved by various ancient and modern travellers; but, in particular, by Dr. Clarke. When he visited the Greek island of Cyprus, he saw the quern in the house of his guide's father, which he thus describes—"I observed upon the ground the sort of stones used in grinding corn, called querns in Scotland, common also to Lapland, and in all parts of Palestine. These are the primeval mills of the world, and they are still found in all corn countries where rude and ancient customs have not been liable to those changes introduced by refinement. The employment of grinding with these mills is confined solely to females; and the practice illustrates the observation of our Saviour,